Martin's Summer

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It was that most gracious season of all the year perhaps-St. Martin's summer-when the spirit of ripeness which seems to have fied once more holds the land with its intoxicating breath. The fields were studded with tiny Michaelmas daisles, and the hedgerows were brilliant with early goldenrod, but somehow you fancied you smelled the scent of the roses and mignonette as

There was quite a group of people ut on the small hotel veranda, and est of them were gossiping. Spinning up the poplar shaded country road was a smart little trap. Across the tennis courts the occupants were plainly visible. They were James Walshi and Mrs. John Burgess.

"I say, girls," cried one of the group on the veranda, "it's a crying shame to let that elderly person cut us out with the richest man we have up herecrying shame, that's what it is! And I don't think any of us has an atom of 'grit' or 'go' or we'd take the wind out of Mrs. Burgess' sails!"

"Why, she must be all of a hundred!" exclaimed another.

"They say that Mr. Walsh knew her years ago. Wonder where he picked her up. In the ark, I guess," "Oh, my dear, long before that," drawled another mockingly. "Long

before Noah's time women had ceased to do their hair in that absurd fash-

Then the quiet girl with the em-broidery on her lap spoke softly: "She has a lot of hair, anyhow, and it's beautiful, and the way she dresses it suits her features. ' She reminds me of Albert Durer's Madonna"-

"Who's that, Miss Tyson?" Interrupted a soung fellow in tennis flannels, suddenly appearing in the doorway. "Who's like Durer's Madonna?" "We were speaking of Mrs. Burgess," answered Miss Tyson without even looking up from her embroidery.

"Madenna? Folderol!" cried the other girls in concert. "She's a plain, quiet poke of a woman, and a designing one at that. She's encouraging him fearfully."

"You see, Miss Tyson," observed Billy, the young chap in flannels, "we get only one or two big matrimonial catches a season up here. It's a waste of time nowadays to listen to the impecunious ardors of early youth. Con-

Billy's words were ambiguous enough, but the comprehensive little sweep which he made with his glance and sun browned hand, including veranda, girls and all, was inimitably droil. Miss Tyson's gray eyes laughed appreciatively.

They were such nice understanding gray eyes, thought Billy. 'Twas a shame that embroidery should engross so much of their attention. Even now he showed signs of taking it up again, and to avoid such a catastrophe Billy proposed a game of tennis.
"All right," said Miss Tyson cheer-

fully, folding the bit of linen about the tiny hoop and stowing it away in a tiny bag.

The fancied likeness between Mrs. John Burgess and the Madonna of Durer was not without some basis. There was, indeed, a similarity in the weary features, more interesting than beautiful, and in the dolorous, somewhat constrained grace of the stately

Mrs. Burgess was a woman of fortyfive. Her manner, her aspect, was that of one who had long since ceased wishing to attract. In point of fact, the wish had never been pronounced. Since her husband's death, which had occurred ten years previously, she had never worn a color. It is to be supposed that Mr. Burgess had loved her. His had been her first and only offer of marriage, but in her girlhood her heart had been given to another.

Most people who knew Mrs. John Burgess thought of her as the mother of her children. She had a son in the west, who was making great ventures in cattle and horses, and she had a married daughter in Paris who was writing her constantly of her social triumphs and prosperity. Yes, her children were full of their own plans and projects, and once or twice lately Mrs. Burgess had been a bit surprised to find herself feeling a little lonely and forgotten—a chill presage of the autumn winds of life. Her summer, indeed, had flown,

Then, just at the correct psychological moment, he came—the man to whom, as a girl, she had given her heart.

Ab, where were the chill autumn winds now? It was St. Martin's summer instead!

James Walsh was a middle aged portly rich man and a widower. He had married somewhat early in his career a noted beauty. A fortnight of wedlock had convinced him that he and his bride had not a single taste in common; but, being a businesslike man, on his return from his tour de noce he'd sized the matter up in this practical

"'Twas the pink chiffon dress at the Van Duyers' hall which was responsi-ble. Only, why wasn't it'- But the "why wasn't it" in this case hadn't worn a pink chiffon dress, nor had she been at the Van Duyers' ball.

Mr. Walsh had been a widower now for three years, and he still sighed with n half abashed sense of relief.

"No more matrimonial ventures for me," he'd say to himself, with a laugh, although he had reason to believe that

he could lay successful slege to several feminine hearts-that he was still quite

capable of victory. He had been spending August alone up in the mountains, and he had enjoyed a month of fishing, tramping and dreaming to his heart's content. On his way home he'd stop for a week'or two at a certain little hotel reported to have good cuisine and rest a strained wrist before going back to business.

Glancing casually over the hotel register, he saw the name of Mrs. John Burgess. There arose in the man's breast a curious sensation, but he pulled himself together.

"How absurd!" he upbraided himself as he walked away from the desk. "As if there were not hundreds of John Burgesses. Why, I might even have coaxed myself into believing that I remembered ber handwriting."

An hour or so later, however, he met her on the lawn. Their eyes unexpectedly encountered one another.

"Can it be?" cried he, with boylsh incredulity. She extended her hand. "I think it can," she answered, with that little balf smile on the corner of her pure lip which he remembered so

Mrs. Burgess had escaped the half kittenish challenge of the middle aged woman who will not abjure conquest. She did not move to the shade of the tree nor even open her parasol. She stayed precisely where she was with a streak of harshly revealing sunlight playing havoe with such loveliness as time had left to her. After awhile the warmth of the sun or some other warmth she knew not of brought into her pale cheeks that glow which James Walsh's first roses had brought, oh, so many years ago.

That night time and again Mr. Walsh drove away the memory of the woman's fleeting half smile, yet it returned to harnt him with all its old sweet allurement. Finally he fell aslesp and dreamed of her.

The next morning at breakfast he found himself unaccountably agitated. She was not in the room when he arshe was not in the room when he arrived, and all the other boarders, even Fall Stock of Liquors the pretty young girl with the quiet gray eyes, seemed to him like so many which we are compelled to figureheads. What if he had not really seen her yesterday? What if it had all just been in the dream last night? an over stock in our whole-But at last she came, and the heauty sale department. of no radiant goddess could have pierced so straight into his breast as Monogram, did this woman's tired loveliness. In her simple white morning gown she Silverdrill, seemed to him the soul of sensitive delicacy and serenity.

He recalled how, being essentially teminine, she always pitled suffering. Canadian Club. So now he made his strained wrist pretext for being near her. She herself ministered to him, binding it firmby and gently. Her breath, sweet as an Crystalized Rock and Rye, infant's, touched his brow. They hinchtook a drive together in a hired trap. Mr. Walsh's intended week was prolonged to a fortnight. During that time indeed his feet did also, very much proved. She thought of her position, her children, of what might be ridiculous in the situation, of the gossip and espionage of the guests. Once or twice duced rates, she had heard a few scoffings, with a note of mirth, at the devotion of Mr. Walsh, and it had made her super

But all of these trivial objections vanished like mist before the sun on the day when he laid his heart bare before her, when he showed her that beneath his apparent prosperity he was hungry-he had always been hungryfor companionship and sympathy

"And you could make me so happy, oh, so happy, dear, if you would marry me," he was saying as they walked slowly along the road the day before his departure. Her arm lay lightly upon his, her eyes were shining, and there was a warm girlish tint in her pale cheeks.

"Won't you? I need you so!" he pleaded. Just then they were passing a huge willow tree.

Now, veiled and shadowed from the world by the willow's drooping green, sitting on the lush grass were two young people to whom love had just sung its first sweet song. Naturally they'd started a bit when they beard approaching footsteps, but they might have spared the start. Neither of them

"I always did think Mrs. Burgess was sweet looking, Billy," said Miss Tyson, absently pressing a cool, bending branch of willow across her hot cheek "but just then she looked positively beautiful."

"Yes, sweetheart," acquiesced the wise Billy. "Why shouldn't she? She's having her St. Martin's summer yo

A Little Afraid of Work. "Did you advertise for a boy, sir?" "Yes. Have you come in answer to

the advertisement?" "Yes, sir, but I'd like to know first for framing. what you mean by saying you want a boy who is not afraid of work."

"It's plain enough, isn't it?"
"P'r'aps it is, sir, but I should think you'd rather have a boy that was a little afraid of work-just enough afraid of it to catch hold of it and wrestle with it, and down ft, and jump bu it, and get the best of it, and show it that it won't get a chance to prove too much for him. That's the kind of boy I should think you'd like instead of the kind that isn't afraid of work. Why, I knew a boy once who wasn't the least mite afraid of sit, and he'd rub up against it, and walk right into the cage where they kept it, and let it eat off his hand, and at the same time bever meddle with it enough to soil his finger tips."

"That's enough, young fellow; the

Cures Woman's Weaknesses We refer to that boon to weak, nervous,

suffering women known as Dr. Pierce's Dr. John Fyfe one of the Editorial Staff of THE ECLECTIC MEDICAL REVIEW SAYS
of Unicorn root (Helonius Diolog) which
is one of the chief ingredients of the "Favorite Prescription":

worite Prescription "

"A remedy which invariably acts as a uterine invigorator " makes for normal activity of the entire reproductive system." He continues "in Heldnias we have a medicament which more tuily answers the above purposes than any other drug with which I am acquainted. In the treatment of diseases peculiar to women it is seldom that a case is seen which does not present some indication for this remedial agent." Dr. Fyte further says: "The following are among the leading indications for Helonias (Unicorn root). Pain or aching in the back, with eleucorrhors atonic (weak) conditions of the reproductive organs of tomen, mental depression and irritability, associated with thronic diseases of the reproductive organs of women; constant sensation of heat in the region of the killendys; menorrhagis (flooding), due to a weakened condition of the reproductive systems amenor new surpressed or absent monthly periods, Alexing from or accompanying an abnormal condition of the digestive organs and a semic (thin blood) habit; draging sensations in the extreme lower part of the abdomen."

If more or less of the above symptoms are present ho invalid woman can do better than take Dr. Pierce's rayorite Preservation, one or the leading ingredients of which is Unicorn root, or Helonias, and the medical properties of which it most faithfully represents.

Of Golden Seal root, another prominent ingredient of "Favorite Prescription," Prof. Finley Ellingwood, M. D., of Bennett Medical College, Chicago, says:

"It is an important remedy in disorders of the womb. In all catarrhal conditions and general enfeeblement, it is useful."

Prof. John M. Scudder, M. D., late of Cincinnati, says of Golden Seal root:

1 In relation to its general effects on the system, there is no medicing in use about which there is such general unanimity of opinion. It is universally regarded as the tonic useful in all debilitated states."

Prof. R. Bartholow, M. D., of Jefferson Medical College, says of Golden Seal:

"Valuable in uterine hemorrhage, memorrhagia (flooding) and congestive dysmenorrhosa (painful menstruation)."

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Golden Wedding John Dewer, ed en tete-a-tete and that afternoon Duff Gordon Sherry, full qt. 1.00

We also have a wholesale department attached to our his eyes followed Mrs. Burgess, and indeed his feet did also, very much more frequently than she herself approved. She thought of her position brands of wines and liquors brain. by the gallon at greatly re-

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MANNERS AT TABLE.

The Etiquette of Esting In the Sev-enteenth Century. An account of hospitality in 1629 gives good idea of the manner in which a country gentleman of the period lived. Dinner and supper were brought in by the servants with their hats on, a custom which is corroborated by Fynes Moryson, who says that being at a knight's house who had many servants to attend him, they brought in the meats with their heads covered with blue caps. After washing their hands in a basin they sat down to dinner, and Sir James Pringle said grace. The viands seemed to have been plentiful and excellent-"big pottage, long kale, bowe of white kale," which is cabbage; "brach soppe," powdered beef, roast and boiled mutton, a venison pie in form of an egg, goose. Then they had the close of the feast was the most

curious thing about it. The tablecloth was removed, and on the table were put a "towel the whole breadth of the table and half the length of it, a basin and ewer to wash, then a green carpet laid on, then one cup of beer set on the carpet, then a little long lawn serviter plaited over the corner of the table and a glass of hot water set down also on the table; then be there three boys to say grace—the first, the thanksgiving; the second, the Pater Noster; the third, prayer for a blessing of God's church. The good man of the house, his parents, kinfolk and the whole company then do drink hot waters, so at supper, then to bed, the collation which (is) a stoupe of all,"-Scottish Review.

BRAIN QUALITY.

It Is of Just as Much Importance a the Quantity.

The brain of Daniel Webster weigh ed fifty-six or fifty-seven ounces, that of Napoleon Bonaparte about the same This is about three pounds and a half These were exceeded by the brain of Cuvier, the great French naturalist, which weighed between fifty-nine and sixty ounces, and that of the French surgeon Dupuytren, which weighed fifty-eight ounces. The average weight of the brain of man is about fifty ounces and of women fortyfive ounces. The maximum weight of the healthy adult brain is about sixtyfour ounces and the minimum thirtyone ounces. Men of great intellectual power have generally if not always possessed large brains. The quality of the brain is, however, quite as important as the quantity, so that a large brain does not of necessity constitute a great man. The size of the brain is not in proportion to the physical development of the body, either in animals or in man. The horse has a brain less in weight than the smallest adult human brain; that of a whale seventyfive feet long was found to weigh not quite twice as much as that of a man Even in men there is no fixed relation

Warship Models Paraffin wax models of all proposed British battleships are used by the admiralty for tests before the keels of the ships are laid down, the miniatures being tested in a great tank. The models are from twelve to twenty-four feet long, the tank being 400 feet long and twenty feet wide. The models are made of wax because it is a material which does not absorb water or change its weight, so that alterations can be easily made, and the material can be melted up and used again. The American naval authorities also have mod els of all their hulls constructed, but these are much more elaborate than the British, being formed of white pine and fitted with rudders, false keels propeller shafts and all et ceteras.

Mixed Metaphors Sir Robert Purvis, addressing his old constituents at Peterborough in deense of an act of parliament under whose operation some of them had gone to prison for a week, said: "That, gentlemen, is the marrow of the education act, and it will not be taken out by Dr. Clifford or anybody else. It is founded on a granite foundation, and it speaks in a voice not to be drowned by sectarian clamor." In an address to the Kaiser Wilhelm's father a Rheinlander mayor said, "No Austria, no Prussia, one only Germany, Such were the words the mouth of your imperial majesty has always had in its eye."

London's Pogs. Nevember is London's worst month for fogs. During a good year the Londoner may have to breathe only fifty fogs. In a very bad year he may have to endure as many as eighty. London's countless coal fires, mingling soot with mist, concoct the Londoner's fog for him. The great majority of fogs in the metropolis begin to form between 7 and 8 in the morning, just when most fires are being lighted.

Changed. "Hello, Pepper, old chap!" exclaimed a man to another. "You have alteredscarcely knew you." My name haw is not Pepper,

protested the other haughtily. "Ah," remarked the first speaker, in no way abashed, "then your name has altered too! By-by."-London Mail.

Just His Case, Rollingstone Nomoss — When people has hydrophobia de very thought o' water makes 'em sick. Thirsty Thing-umbob—Is dat so? I bet I've had it all me life an' didn't know what was de matter wid me. Philadelphia Rec-

An angry man opens his mouth and stuts the eyes.-Cato

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